

FOREWARD

Our purpose in creating this publication is twofold. First, we wanted to exhibit the literary works of the junior class, primarily the English III classes of Miss Geordia Jones. Secondly, we wanted to bring out a theme in the magazine. Because of the large quantity of essays, poems, and descriptions dealing with nature and ecology, it was decided to make the theme of our publication environment. It seemed only right and proper that this magazine be named after the Greek goddess of the Earth: Cybele. It is our hope that by reading the works of this magazine you will join us in our concern over man's polluted world.

. We wish to extend special thanks to Senator Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin for the inspiration he gave us to take up the fight against pollution. This magazine is thus dedicated to men like Senator Nelson who have made environmental control a national and international issue.

Bob Morkemo
Editor
CYBELE

an essay by Riley MacDaniel

POLLUTION

Man has polluted his planet in an apparent attempt to destroy himself. Someone must do something. Transformation is obviously necessary, for we now live in a world in which indissoluble detergents return to us in our drinking water, radioactive wastes are dropped into the sea, oil from ships coats and murders birds and sea animals. Pesticides find their way into our tissues. The marshes that support wild waterfowl are drained to provide space for the multiplying human population. Our highways are slowly shrouding the greenness under cement. Water is becoming more precious, and unpolluted water is more difficult to find. Radioactive strontium from atomic bomb explosions pollutes our milk and enters our bones.....

Man must accept that he is a part of Nature and cease his unrelenting abuse of the things that give him life. Our civilization has become so totally urbanized that man is alienated from nature. He has started to take nature for granted, and this has gone on long enough. Man must now face the prospect of destroying nature and being himself destroyed. The unborn generations of the near future need a place to live, and it is our duty to keep our world liveable for them if not for ourselves. Time is running out; let us all come together, face the facts, and do something about living with Nature again.

Man has labeled his environment with the word "nature". Man has always thought of nature and himself as separate beings which must fight a battle to exist. Man has defied integration of nature and man.

President Nixon has declared that this must be the decade "When American pays its debt to the past by reclaiming the purity of its air, its waters and our living environment. It is literally now or never." Unfortunately, the worst part of the problem is to get people to do something about it. Our glorious tradition of manifest destiny forces us to multiply. Our Puritan Past has left us with the words that give man "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth."

Not only do men need a change in attitude, but we must also learn how to solve our pollution problems in the best way. The American people have come to rely on technology as the solution to every problem. This technology has itself created pollution problems, often more harmful than the original problem. For example, the oil spills were cleaned with detergents which proved a greater threat to marine life than did the oil spill! Atomic energy has replaced fossil fuels, for it produces less air pollution. Ironically, the hot water that is dumped into lakes and rivers from the production of the atomic energy is slowly raising the constant water temperature, which will in time kill all marine life. The concept of technology being the supreme solution of all ills must change. The American consumer wants bigger and better everything and he has no desire to give up a good thing for a safe thing. Why should someone spend extra money to keep our air pure if it does not increase the sales potential of his product? Technology is not the solution to our unhealthy environment. It is a great problem unto itself.

Our anxiety about the future turns on three hinges: the likelihood of continuing warfare, the growth of population statistics, and the exhaustion of our natural resources. We have learned to develop and direct tremendous power. We can create the conditions which make us feel comfortable.....at the deadly expense of all of living plants and creatures. In time technological progress will demand its ultimate sacrifice... mankind itself.

I have come to doubt man's ability to act rationally. Reason does not seem a characteristic of groups of men. Man has defied his purpose of living on Earth...and must accept his punishment quietly. The garbage we have hidden is finding us. There is no more time to devise an answer. There is possibly time to make amends. Man, tragic hero of the drama Life, now must grovel under the command of its reluctant conqueror, Nature.

The Sea by Chels Bloom

The sun, It goes down in a dazzle of gold,
and night It takes over, so pitiously cold,
and we yell at the icebergs, their places to hold.
The men in the crow's nest, calling the hour,
with bells on the mizzencrust brazenly chime.
The ship rolls on over oceans foaming,
while her wooden sides are caving, moaning;
The wind is whistling through the stays
and the rattlings are calling in a voice very lonely
to a love star in the sky;
guiding us on, like blindmen through fire
just waiting for the wind to retire.
On the starboard, yet, I see it now,
"It's unaloe," says the first mate with a growl.
The sunshine, flooding over the decks,
shines golden on the compass
and tan on the sails.

Desire Knows.....

The blue sea glistens beneath sunlit skies,
Foam incline waves, thunder against the shore,
Beneath whose waters on foreign land lies;
A legend of forgotten lore,
Spirits of the sea, gliding with the breeze,
Are gulls who fly higher than the highest clouds,
Exchanging secrets with the tallest trees,
And shadows cast by all; all ghostly shrouds.
Fleeing some unmentionable foe sent-
From Olympus; perhaps a god of nature.
A fiery sun rises slowly, graciously spent,
Its golden wealth, so that life may occur,
All this I see as I observe the ocean;
Endless flights, countless sounds and eternal motion....

(EXTRA)

Endless.....
Countless.....
moments
of
love
and Peace.....

Berdell Elizabeth Moffett

"On Children"

You
are the
bows from which your
children are sent forth
The archer sees the mark
upon the path of the infinite,
And he bends you with his might that His Arrows may go straight and far.

Let
your
bending
in the archer's
hand be for gladness; - For even as He loves the arrow that flies
so He loves also
the bow
that is stable.

K. Gibran

How does one know when
The transformation takes place
From arrows to bows.

K. Wachtel

Of us, but not ours.
Direct their courses we cannot
Only guide their flight.

B. Whelton

O archer,
Do not bend thy bow
too much.
For while trying
to send the arrows straight
and far,
the bow may snap and break.

A. Jerath

La Vie En Rose

by Jean Sam

*Pour les papas et mamans
Les enfants qui leurs obéissent toujours
Ceux qui seront sages et nets
Qui finiront leurs repas
Ce sera la vie en rose!*

*Pour les professeurs dans l'école
Les élèves qui faisaient attention
Ceux qui avaient préparé leurs devoirs
Et qui ne les troublaient pas
C'était la vie en rose!*

*Mais pour moi.....
D'écouter tes bras autour de moi
Ayant ton amour
.....C'est la vie en rose!*

HAIKU POEMS ON YOUTH

Always laughing child
Sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks
Mother's pride and love.

Broken shoelaces
Scraggly hair sunburned noses
Scratches, freckles, grins.

Fireman, cowboy
Another person each day
Astronaut, daddy.

J. Wilson

Memories of youth
Lollipops, laughter and tears
Forgotten and gone.

Erika Fischer

Innocent flowers
Laughing, playing in the sun,
Will soon turn to weeds.

A new child is born
But the world goes on unchanged,
Too busy to care.

L. Tomassi

From living to end
All kids, no doubt, will be
friends
This is the joy they send.

Whether it is he
Or else whether it is she
Happy they make me.

Here I go again
On my way to the doctor
This time it will hurt.

Ed Murphy

CHRIST CRUSADE

They came in colors
 blue, green and red. Yet they were men of war.
O'er the sharpknife mountains of Phaal they came.

 A rainbow river of death.

flash blue

 shine green

 glow red.

the massive crusade, a wake of human life,

 had no goal,

 had no purpose.

But to find the elder's dream.

 But to find the parchment's theme.

But to find that of the past.

 And to the hunt came the multitudes

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Thrice changed the stars in their heavens.

Untold moons waxed untō the night,

 as did the weak, forever.

Unto the day passed the strong,

 for but this moment...

Behold the crusade's ending.

 Before them, the object, their goal.

It's rusty gleam hypnotized the dust at their feet.

 The gleam of a long lost plague.

 At their feet stood a

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 crucifix

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And from the cross, the emaciated

 idol

 laughed...

Now the crusade had begun.

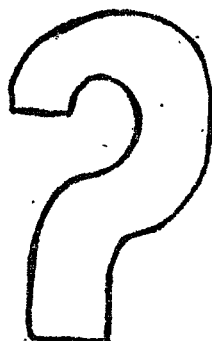
K. Samson

A LONELY SHACK

In solitude stands the abandoned shack
Along the serene beach of no return,
For whose beautiful shore rolling tides yearn.
Where no jolly jesters come to do their act
Where no picnickers come to have their snack.
No man, no woman, no child ever learn
What mysterious flames flame from within that shack burns;
Emitting a gentle glow through a crack.
So all alone on the beach stand I,
With a flaming heart, impatiently waiting
For that day, that hour, that happy moment;
When your bright flame of love to me will reach
And once again you will have me thinking
That there exists no such word as "torment".

Jean Sun

WHAT IS MAN? WHAT IS HIS PURPOSE ON EARTH?



"All animals have a certain capacity for learning, but man is the only one that can teach...Man's purpose or role on earth is to learn all he can and teach all he has learned."

Margaret Baldwin
"Man's ultimate role is yet, unknown to me---Man is--- therefore we accept man--- whoever he may be. His goal-- if I may state one, is to determine find out what his purpose (role) on earth is."

Berdell Moffett
"The main purpose for man on earth is to make mistakes and learn from them. Each person lives in his own separate world and performs his role in order to reach his goal. The achievements made by a generation are the results of men who performed their specific roles in life."

Debbie Marcian

"His role on earth is to constitute society and to help make it complete."

Jean Sun

"Man's role on Earth... is to contribute his knowledge and talents to others by either giving out his knowledge or using it to improve conditions here on earth."

Shalini

"The role of man is to play his life in the universe unobtrusively."

Patty Leininger

"It is my firm belief that man was created by a superior heavenly personage. Man's existence on earth is just another step towards Perfection."

Bruce Knowlton

"Man's ultimate goal in life is to re-establish perfect communion with the Creator."

Susan Wilcox



Edith Tery

"Man is a curious being whose role is to search for his purpose and once he has found it, then to fulfill it."

Julie Wilson

"There are several parts to living a full life, one of these being of service to others."

Linda Stroschein

"I believe that man's role on earth is to serve Women."

Catherine White

"I think the purpose of man is to be contented with what he is."

Nannette Martinez

"I think man's purpose on earth is twofold-to keep life and knowledge continuing."

Diana Donald

"Man is the highest form of animal and his purpose is to seek happiness."

Karen Wachtal

"Every man (or woman) has a personal mission in life-to perfect himself."

Babs Whelton

"Man was put on this earth to express in his best way, the qualities of his Maker."

Jeff Pappas

"...man was placed on earth to make the world better for the following generations."

Sue Samara

"I would have to say that man's purpose on earth is to have fun."

Ed Murphy

"Man's purpose as given to him by the Creator is to bring peace and happiness on earth."

Araji Jerath

"Man's purpose is to find himself."

Riley McDaniel



Beneath the spiny, prickly and rough shell of a pineapple, lies a tangy, juicy and golden fruit.

Jeff Pappas

The pineapple is a rugged and gives me a ticklish feeling that runs through my hand.

Jean Sun

The texture of the inside fruit of a pineapple is sort of itchy^{ly} sweet-sour crunchiness.

Babs Whelton

The texture of pineapple is very exquisite for it is made of many juice filled fibers which go in all directions, creating many fantastic and beautiful designs which compliment its taste.

Rick Telesco

The pineapples skin reminds me of a Spartan shield.

Carol McFadden

A pineapple is rough, prickly and mean.

Katherine White

The texture of a pineapple could be compared to an echinate tortious shell.

Lark Duren

Prickly on the outside, sticky on outside, a pineapple is very juicy and sweet.

Julie Wilson

Pineapple is rough and hairy where the eyes are.

Jo Zautner

Soft strings that melt and become thin and sweet as you masticate.

Riley McDaniel

Let us all explore the world around
us
and
learn all we can of its
beautiful ways.

THE CONQUEROR

Lying on the beach, with its sun-bleached keel raised to the sky, the old ship waits and rots quietly. The beach is deserted except for the lone inhabitants. The waves lick at the edges of the hull, salt slowly eats away the wooden deck and the brass fittings and the tattered remains of sails. Woodworms weave an interlocking maze of tunnels and the ship slowly crumbles in silent agony. The breeze is calm, lending an air of peace, but the unheard screams of horror reach my ears from the ship.

We were pulling into New Brunswick on the 13th, and the holds were loaded full with tea and spices and sugar. We stood to make a nice profit and everyone on board was looking forward to a few weeks of fun and solid ground after more than six months at sea. Though the wind blew a bit chilly on the afternoon of the 12th, the crew felt warm and friendly that day, for we were almost home again, back to the families and friends. The sky was a lazy grey, it looked like rain, but we were but a day from safe waters and a calm harbor.

The bells were ringing six for dinner and every hand moved to the dining quarters for our last meal of hard tack and jerky. As the captain stepped down into the room, we gave a hearty cheer and a toast to ourselves and the captain. The fire was burning warm and the captain was reminiscing the voyage as we ate. Relaxed and warm inside with our thoughts of home, we decided to reduce the night shift so the men could sleep or play cards and drink some. The night wore on slowly over many a glass of wine and ale, as the cards were shuffled and reshuffled again and again. The wind started to pick up about midnight and the gentle rolling of the lulled us to sleep, but suddenly it was as if the ship was possessed by a daemon. It tossed us out of our bunks, men rolled over one another, the bells were clanging, the lanterns were rocking and they fell to the floor. We rushed out onto the deck, and the waves washed over our feet. The sky was black without a star or moon. The sea was a glowing

THE CONQUEROR (CONTINUED)

green, washing salt over the decks and filling our eyes and mouths with wet, stinging cold. With the wind tearing at our soaked bodies, we crawled to the bridge to see ahead, but no one made it there. Lines were breaking from the strain of men grasping their safety. The sails were up full and we would capsize if they weren't let out soon. No man left from board to slack the sails. Washed into swirling malestrom, gurgling a last cry for help, eaten by the boiling sea. The boat ran on a shoal and crunched to a stop, too late. The shoal of coral could not hold tight and the wreck of a ship was blown and torn asunder, spinning into the depths of the gasping mouth of the sea.

Few lived to see the leftover remains of the ship. It looks at peace now, though I can hear it screaming. Eat on sea, rot away what worms miss.

Riley McDaniel